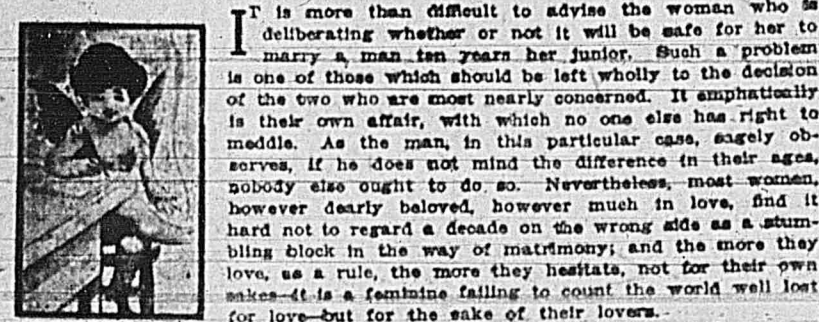


Don't Marry a Man Younger Than You

By Helen Oldfield



It is more than difficult to advise the woman who is deliberating whether or not it will be safe for her to marry a man ten years her junior. Such a problem is one of those which should be left wholly to the decision of the two who are most nearly concerned. It is emphatically their own affair, with which no one else has right to meddle. As the man, in this particular case, eagerly observes, if he does not mind the difference in their ages, nobody else ought to do so. Nevertheless, most women, however dearly beloved, however much in love, find it hard not to regard a decade on the wrong side as a stumbling block in the way of matrimony; and the more they love, as a rule, the more they hesitate, not for their own sake—it is a feminine failing to count the world well lost for love—but for the sake of their lovers.

Undoubtedly there is a great and growing tendency upon the part of young men nowadays to marry women older than themselves. It used to be an unwritten law almost that the husband should be older than his wife—five, ten, fifteen, even twenty or thirty years seniority upon the part of the man being considered as preferable to the woman's of a single year. Recently we have changed all that. If the wife is a year or two older than her husband nobody not hopelessly old-fashioned thinks it a disadvantage; they climb life's hill together, and if the wife is well-treated and possesses the cheerful temperament, which more than all else keeps her in good physical condition, she usually to the last looks younger of the two.

Still, we find ourselves continually asking why it is that men so frequently marry women who are older than themselves. What is the charm of the woman of forty for the youth of twenty-five? Time was when she had none, when he did not take her into consideration at all. Forty for a woman was as old as old maid; at thirty, in New England, at least, she put on as a sort of tacit announcement that she made no further claim to youth; and at forty she frankly confessed herself old, and relinquished all idea of marriage excepting as the wife of some elderly widower in search of a housekeeper and stepmother for his children.

For centuries the age of the greatest feminine charm has been steadily advancing. The only one of Shakespeare's heroines whose age is mentioned—Juliet—was just touching fourteen. Until the Restoration the other English dramatists favored the same juvenile idea. Sheridan's "The maiden of beautiful fifteen." Next "sweet sixteen" and seventeen are exploited. Sir Walter Scott and his contemporaries went up to eighteen, and the novelists and playwrights who followed him accorded the preference to heroines of nineteen years. It remained for a French novelist to announce boldly that a woman of thirty still possessed the power to please. Balzac puts his "Duchess de Langeais" at that age, and later on wrote his "Woman of Thirty." For this he had plenty of precedent in real life. Josephine was thirty-six when she married Napoleon Bonaparte, Mme. Roland thirty-eight when she experienced her grand passion, and does not history tell us that three generations worshipped at the feet of Simon de Enclos, whose youth was perennial?

Many, indeed most, of the belles of society to-day are much nearer thirty than twenty.

Most persons think a full-blown rose more beautiful than a bud, and if the rose can retain its petals, why not the young man who falls in love with a woman older than himself? It is usually of the serious type, older than his years; woman older than the kind who keeps the dew of her youth through the heat and burden of the day. That such marriages may be happy none can doubt, with so many famous instances to adduce; still it is a hazard, and it has been well said that it behooves the woman of twenty to be sure of herself—the woman of forty of her lover.—Chicago Tribune.

Domestic Haps and Mishaps.

By Quincy Scott.



THE EVENING WORLD is giving TEN DOLLARS IN PRIZES each week for the best suggestions, which need not be accompanied by drawings, for the "Domestic Haps and Mishaps" comic series. The suggestions must be sent to "THE COMICS EDITOR," Evening World, P. O. Box 1254, New York City.

THE VANISHING BRIDE or, the Chief Legatee

By Anna Katherine Green.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XXI.

(Continued.)

"I'm afraid I should be a little tedious, my whole story," said Hazen. "If you mean such part of it as concerns Georgia's peculiar actions and the complications with which we are at this moment struggling, I can only repeat what I have already told you, both at St. Denis in New York and here. I am Georgia's returned brother, saved from the jaws of hell to see my own country again. I arrived in New York on the 10th. Naturally, after securing a room at the hotel, I took up the papers. They were full of the appalling marriage of Miss Hazen. I recognized my sister's name, though not her splendor, for we were the sole survivors of a poor country family, and I knew nothing of the legacy I am now told she received. Anxious to see her, I attended the ceremony. She recognized me. I had not expected this, and feeling old affections revive I followed her friends to the house and was presented to them and to you. What I assumed name and the place where I was to be found. My changed appearance called for explanations, for which a bridal reception offered no opportunity. Besides, as I have already said, I stood in sore need of a definite amount of money. I meant her to come and see me, but I did not expect her to play a trick on me in order to do so. This had its birth in the too unaccountable mystery embodied in the girl you call Anita, but whom I'm not ready yet to name. For when

I do action must follow conviction, and that without mercy or delay.

"Action!" repeated Ransom, with quick suspicion and a confused rush of contradictory visions in his mind. "What do you mean by that?"

Hazen covered his chin with his hand. "I will try and explain," he replied. "If I am abrupt in my language, it is owing to the exigencies of the case. I have no time and no disposition to whitewash a rough piece of work. To speak to the point, I have an intense interest in my sister Georgia. I have little or none in my sister Anita. Georgia's intelligence, good will and command of money would be of inestimable benefit to me. Anita, on the contrary, could be nothing but a burden, unless—here he cast a very sharp glance at Ransom—"unless Georgia should leave her a good share of her fortune, in the will you say she made just before her disappearance and supposed death."

"That I can say nothing about," rejoined Ransom in answer to this feeling. "The will is in the hands of her lawyer, but if it will help your argument any we will suppose that she left her sister to the care of her friends without any especial provision for her in the way of money."

The steady fingers clutching the bearded neck loosened their grip to wave this supposition aside.

"A hardly supposable case," was the cold comment with which he supplemented this disclaimer. "But one which would make this girl a burden indeed, a burden which for many reasons I could not assume." Here he struck himself sharply on the neck, with the first display of passion he had shown.

"My advantages are not such as to make it easy for me to support myself. It would be simply impossible for me to undertake the care of any girl, least of all of one with a manifest infirmity."

"Anita will prosper without your care," replied Ransom, overlooking the heartlessness of the man in the mad, unaccountable sense of relief with which he listened to his withdrawal from concerns for which he showed a little sympathy. "There are others who will be glad to do all that can be done for Georgia's forsaken sister."

"Yes, that is all right, but"—Here Hazen squared himself across the top of the table before which he had been sitting—"it must be made sure that the facts have been rightly represented to

BETTY VINCENT'S ADVICE TO LOVERS

The Duty of Cheerfulness.

PERHAPS there is no harsher word in the English language than "Duty." It falls with a dull thud on the ear. Nevertheless most of us go through life doing our duty as we see it, but trying to call it by some other name in the hope that it will seem a little sweeter. The difference is that we do it with a "grinch" and others with a cheerful smile.

The cheerful smile is in itself a duty—one of the few duties we owe ourselves. How many women there are in New York, girls in shops and in front of typewriters, who exemplify this duty of cheerfulness? You know when you meet them that they are poorly paid and that their wages are small and that they are often overworked. Yet how fresh and smiling and uniformly cheerful they are. Moreover, their cheerfulness is not assumed like a garment. It is born of youth and the light heart that the greatest misfortune cannot kill.

To take our pleasures gladly and our misfortunes lightly is the secret of happy living. One need only look on the working girl to find it out.

To Make Him Propose.

Dear Betty:

HAVE been keeping company with a young man for about a year. He does not ever talk of marriage to me, but I know he loves me, and is in a position to marry me. What would you advise me to do, as I love him dearly, give him up or continue going with him? He gave me a nice Christmas present in a ring.

me, but I know he loves me, and is in a position to marry me. What would you advise me to do, as I love him dearly, give him up or continue going with him? He gave me a nice Christmas present in a ring.

Wait a little while, and then, if he shows no signs of proposing, you might develop a temporary interest in some one else to arouse his jealousy.

To Get Acquainted.

Dear Betty:

I am a young girl of eighteen. I have a very nice gentleman several times with whom I should like very much to be acquainted. I have often seen him in church. Kindly advise me how I can get acquainted with him.

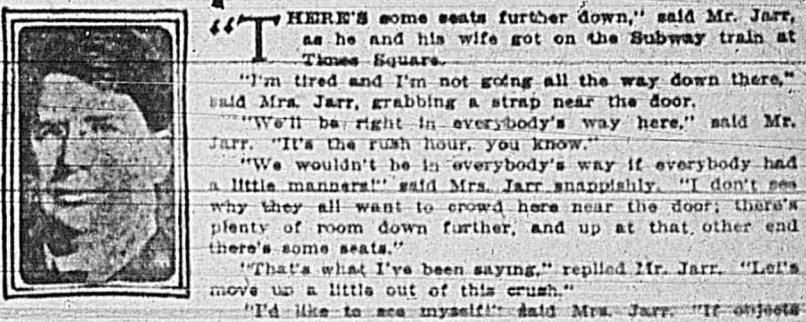
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THE JARR FAMILY

BY ROY L. M'CARDELL



"HERE'S some seats further down," said Mr. Jarr, as he and his wife got on the Subway train at Times Square.

"I'm tired and I'm not going all the way down there," said Mrs. Jarr, grabbing a strap near the door.

"Well, be right in everybody's way here," said Mr. Jarr. "It's the push hour, you know."

"We wouldn't be in everybody's way if everybody had a little manners," said Mrs. Jarr. "I don't see why they all want to crowd here near the door; there's plenty of room down further, and up at that; other end there's some seats."

"That's what I've been saying," replied Mr. Jarr. "Let's move us a little out of this crush."

"It'd like to see myself," said Mrs. Jarr. "If I could see myself, I'd like to see myself, after how rudely they all have acted! And why should I thank him, anyway? He wouldn't have got up to give me his seat only I've been standing on his pet corn ever since we got on the train."

"There's a seat there, madam," said a passenger.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Jarr, very sweetly. "Don't let me deprive you of it."

"You're not depriving me of it. I have a seat," said the man, who was sitting down.

"So I have perceived," said Mrs. Jarr, jolly. The man reddened, and Mr. Jarr said in low tones:

"Don't you think you are rude?"

"It is about time I was. I've been having lessons in the art for years from the men one meets in New York."

"Won't you take this seat, madam?" said another man who had just entered and noticed Mrs. Jarr standing and the empty seat near by.

"The gentleman asked you if you would have the seat," said Mr. Jarr. "Whereat, hearing this, the newcomer snatched himself in the vacant sitting space. As he did so Mrs. Jarr turned a sneer upon him as strong as a searchlight. The man felt the intensity of the gaze and immediately held a newspaper between himself and the standing lady's scorn."

"Down South," said Mrs. Jarr very audibly (she had never been any further south than Jersey City), "down South such a thing as a lady having a seat is utterly unknown. But, then, in the dear old South chivalry isn't dead."

"Well, the last time I was down South," said Mr. Jarr, "was during the Atlanta riots. They gave ladies seats in one block and murdered a negro, despite the ladies' shrieking protests, a hundred yards further on."

Mrs. Jarr glared at him, but made no reply, and just then a nervous young man arose and invited Mrs. Jarr take his seat.

"Well, I thought somebody would offer me a seat some time. I'm nearly dead holding on to that strap," said Mrs. Jarr, as she sank down.

"You might have said 'Thank you' to the young man," said Mr. Jarr, who had raised his hat to the seat-giver and murmured an inaudible appreciation of the act.

"Huh," said Mrs. Jarr, acidly. "I'd like to see myself, after how rudely they all have acted! And why should I thank him, anyway? He wouldn't have got up to give me his seat only I've been standing on his pet corn ever since we got on the train."

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Dark Eyelashes.

TTA M. Here is a Chinese eyelash stain. Gum arabic, 1 dram; rose water, 1 dram; India ink, 1 dram. Mix and apply to the eyelashes. Here is the formula you wish: Perchloride of iron, 6 ounces; glycerine, 2 ounces; essence of bergamot, 20 drops. Get a camel's hair brush and apply this to the eyelashes at night and morning.

Dandruff.

MRS. B. J. C.—Here is a tonic to remove dandruff. Massage the scalp thoroughly twice a day and shampoo once a week. Recipe of catnip, 1 ounce; liquid ammonia, 1 dram; glycerine, 1 dram; oil of thyme, 1 dram; rosemary oil, 1 dram. Mix together with six ounces of rose water. Rub the scalp thoroughly with this preparation until no further evidence of dandruff is noticed.

A Wash for the Breath.

MRS. B.—Here is an antiseptic wash for offensive breath. Phosphoric acid, 1 gram; boracic acid, 5 grams; thymol, 1 gram; glycerine, 1 gram; essence of menthol, 20 drops; tincture of aloe, 1 gram; distilled water, 1 pint. Rub the mouth with the above, which should be diluted for use in proportion of one-half tooth wash to same quantity of clear water. Use after each meal and at any time required.

For Indigestion.

F. D.—Try drinking a glass of water, as hot as you can stand it, at intervals of four or five times during the day and always one just before going to bed. Eat only the simplest and most wholesome food; avoid coffee and stimulants, sweets and pastry. Keep the system in good condition and take plenty of exercise in the fresh air.

For the Feet.

P. W.—The cold, bloodless condition of your feet in winter is caused, evidently by lack of circulation. This is a very disagreeable affliction,

May Manton's Daily Fashions.



Box Coat—Pattern No. 5554.

Material required for the medium size is 4 1/2 yards 27, 28 yards 44, or 3 1/2 yards 52 inches wide, with 1/4 yard of vest.

Pattern No. 5554 is cut in sizes for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 41 inch bust measure.

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MANTON FASHION BUREAU, No. 21 West Twenty-third Street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered. IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.

HINTS FOR THE HOME

Curried Eggs.

MAKE one cup of white sauce after the common rule, using stock instead of milk. If you have it, season it with salt and pepper, one teaspoonful of onion juice and one-half level teaspoonful of curry powder. When it is smooth and has cooked five minutes, add five hard-boiled eggs cut into quarters, and heat them three minutes in the sauce.

Food for Invalids.

AKE stale pieces of crusts of bread, the end pieces of the loaf, and toast them a nice dark brown. Care must be taken that they do not burn in the toast, as that affects the flavor.

Rice Waffles.

O two cupsful of boiled rice add the yolks of three eggs and a quart of milk and enough flour to make a thin batter. Stir in the boiling powder and beaten whites just before baking and bake slowly. Sour milk with soda may be tried instead of water.

Put the browned crusts in a large milk picher and pour enough boiling water over to cover them; cover the picher closely and let steep until cold. Strain and sweeten to taste and put a piece of ice in each glass. This is also good warm with cream and sugar, similar to coffee.

Daily Knitting Chats. By Laura La Rue.



Infant's Crochet Sweater.

There is a low neck, cut V in front, to show the dainty lace yoke of baby's dress. The sleeves, too, are straight, quite as wide at the bottom as at the top, and gathered at the wrist under a tight band. This band, as well as the belt and neck trimmings, is in single crochet worked flat.

I will mail full directions for making this pattern to any of my readers who are interested. There will be no charge for sending them. Kindly address Laura La Rue, Knitting Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 1254, N. Y. City.